ction Times in the Nassan Athletic Club The Coming Fight Between Jack Me-Aulife and Jem Carney Exciting Sporting Men all Over the Country—The Tret-Races at Flootwood To-Merrow.



SPECIALLY American is the great growth in all kinds of sports the past few years, says Mr. Shepard. "Every branch of winter sport-especially athletics-will be lively this season. There are ten football teams where there was one last year, and billiards among amateurs will be a rage. More tables are being put in private houses ladies seem to be go-

ing in for caroms as much as their brothers and friends. There is going to be some good curling later on. The Palma Club, of Jersey City, which came out within one of the top in the bowling contests last year, besides keeping up interest in its alleys is going in heavily for fencing. There is talk of getting up a fencing championship tournament, which would be as exciting as the boxing and wrestling championships." Mr. Shepard says he thinks toboganing will be an even greater craze this cold season than last winter, and sticks for rink polo playing are already being laid in. ing in for caroms as much as their brother

The rapidly coming forward Nassau Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, has moved into its new headquarters on Washington street, and on Nov. 15 will nominate and post its candidates for the coming election. Tagliabue, formerly of the old Brooklyn Athletic Association, will probably be a candidate for the club Presidency, and a disposition is being shown to give the new members their full share of the offices. The "Indians" will put in a lot of entries for the Twenty-second Regiment's armory games, including Regiment's armory games, including

Pop Schoeneck, the Nassau Athletic Club's captain, is an expert amateur photographer and a crank on taking things. He "takes" everything and everybody and has a collection of over one hundred and fifty elever views of his family and friends, including W. C. Adams, Linderman, Kraft, Robertson, Murray and Rockwell, in all sorts of attitudes and groups, and all the places of interest about his place at Flatbush. Schoeneck has all the crack amateurs' photographs in reduced sizes on small bits of paper no larger than postage-stamps, and the mucilage on the backs makes these miniatures very handy.

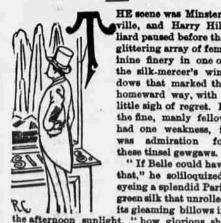
The all-absorbing talk among the sports at present is the approaching mill between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney for \$4,500 and the light-weight championship of the world. "Say what you will," said one well-known judge of pugilism yesterday," I won't believe McAuliffe means fight till I see him in the ring, and Carney's backers share my opinion, for they are keeping the Birmingham man's training place a dead secret for fear the Williams. share my opinion, for they are keeping the Birmingham man's training place a dead secret for fear the Williams-burger or his friends will cause him to be arrested and get out of the mill that way." It is more generally believed in New York that McAuliffe is really fit and that he will not only face Carney this time, but give him the battle of his life. Dempsey, who is training and is to second the American light-weight, has certainly rendered inestimable service. Jimmy Colville, of Boston, was stopped yesterday on his way home from the Washington races, and went down to see his man at Rockaway. "He is doing splendidly. Never saw him look so well, and he is going to win," said Colville to THE Evenine World man at the Gilsey House, on his return. The battle promises to be one of the hardest to see that has taken place in years. Only thirty men all told are to be around the ring when the fight takes place, according to the articles, and either man bringing an extra friend is liable to forfeit the money up. Two hundred and fifty dollars apiece is the money asked and gladly paid for the privilege of witnessing this mill." Two tickets from the Carney side were sent on from Boston last week and were taken at once by two famous club men. Some Harvard College men are anxious to be spectators. The referee is a New York sport, and the battle will be fought near Boston inside of ten days.

Little Dick and the Shaughraun will have their match trot at the driving club's track at Fleetwood to morrow afternoon. The "cup" trot for the 3.00 class horses, to top road wagons, gentlemen drivers, will also take place. . . .

the battle will be fought near Boston inside

Al Fleischman, the amateur 120-pound all around athlete, is training for cross-country running this year.

HILLIARD'S MISTAKE.



ville, and Harry Hilliard paused before the was admiration for these tinsel gewgaws. " If Belle could have

that," he soliloquized, eyeing a splendid Paris green silk that unrolled its gleaming billows in the afternoon sunlight, " how glorious she would look! The poor girl hasn't a decent frock: she was the shabbiest woman at the Bel-

monts' party! And what will she wear at the Delameres' ball? I've half a mind to buy her that dress." And so Harry walked in and asked the

price of the gorgeous Paris green. 'Only five guineas the dress, sir; a bargain

-a real bargain, sir; only two patterns in all London. Mr. Dunbar, the banker, bought the other this morning. Shall I put it up

dear, dear, how foolish! But he meant well, dear, good soul, and his feelings mustn't be hurt. I must make believe that I am in raptures. But the money—what shall I do to get the money back?"

She gathered up the pretty dress and hurried after her husband; and the next day it was put into the dressmaker's hands to be ready for the approaching ball; and Harry Hilliard, despite his cramped purse, seeing his wife's apparent delight, was the happiest man in all Minsterville.

Two weeks later he stood at his office window one sunny afternoon gazing idly at the people passing and repassing below and wishing that the sun would slip down and bring his hour for going home. Presently an approaching figure riveted his attention. A slender, graceful figure, robed in glittering green, with the daintiest of dainty hats and a profusion of silken, blonde curls. Belle's own self, rigged out in her new dress. It had come home the night before, and she had tried it on and paraded it before him till he knew The young man hesitated. In his pocket was his month's salary. but there were so many demands to be met. Such an extravagance would put him terribly behindhand. He shook his head and turned resolutely

"Let me persuade you, sir," continued the shopman; "you'll not meet such another

bargain shortly. Only see how magnificent the color is! How pleased your good lady would be!"

Yes, she would be pleased. Harry fancied how her blue eyes would dance, and how she would scream and clap her hands like a child. His firm lips trembled and his eyes grew moist. He loved his wife so fondly, and he was so proud of her wonderful beauty. beauty. "I'll take it," he said, stoutly, drawing

OLD STAMPS STILL SOUGHT. The Collecting Craze Nearly as Vigorous

Ever-High Prices.

N a window in upper
Broadway is a pile of
cancelled postage.
stamps, six or eight
inches deep, representing almost every
nationality in the
world, and representing in value sums
varying from a
copper to \$250. They
are the result of years of collections by those

are the result of years of collections by those whose taste and time give them opportunity to gratify their inclination, and who, when surfeited with collection work, dispose of them to the highest bidder. Many of them find a market here. In this store, perhaps, there is a more varied assortment than can be found in any other store in New York. There is a more varied class of patronage as well, representing every class of individual, from the stamp crank, who has almost finished his collection and must get the missing one or two stamps whatever be the cost. He may be old in years, but his enthusiasm in the matter of postage-stamps more than compensates for what he lacks in enthusiasm for the natural

things of the world.

Then, beside him, and perhaps as enthusiastic, is the youngster barely out of his swaddling clothes, whose childish fancy runs on stamps and whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to pay \$2.50 for a two-cent stamp that happens to be eight or ten years old. Again, on the other side, is the person who has got his fill of stamps and whose collection is more of a bore than anything else. He has his little book tacked under his arm, the book representing the work of his own years or some generation before. He does not want it, perhaps the store don't want it, but he offers it with all the pride of one whose labors in this special line has been especially well rewarded. It is in this way that the immense collections grow, and it is by the youngster in short trousers and the crank that the stock to a certain extent is diminished. things of the world.

crank that the stock to a certain extent is diminished.

The stamp craze is just as powerful now as ever. A few years ago a man might be called a monomaniac did he spend his time in the pursuit of such, as some would say, puerile work, but now the numbers in his same work have increased so remarkably that it is considered quite the fashion to have a stamp collection, whether it be good or bad, large or small. Many wholesale collectors, as in the case of the Broadway collector, employ agents all over the world, who exchange in Ecquador the special stamp of that country for the stamp of America or Europe. From America, in turn, are sent the stamps of this country. What is lacking here is supplied from abroad.

The stock of stamps here is placed in books, in special blanks marked for their reception. The price is fixed beneath each, and when a stamp is detached there is found underneath, in printed characters, its kind, color, value when issued and other marks, so that if it is sold, when a second is obtained it is placed in the vacancy, thus saving time, expense and labor. There is a remarkably vigorous business in this special line, a sufficient number of houses being in the business to make it lively. All make good profits.

England Importing "Garden Truck." From a London Exchange.]

Despite all that has been written about the opportunities which the British farmer is letting slip, there is no diminution in the importation of for-eign market-garden and farm-yard produce. The ther day there arrived in Birmingham market other day there arrived in Birmingham market five tons of eggs from Austria, ten tons of horse-radish from Beigium, ten truck-loads of onions from Spain, and a large quantity of poultry from Russia. Onions, too, are now being imported from Egypt; and all the while our farmers are becoming bankrupt by scores, and thousands of acres of land are failing out of cultivation. We are, of course, bound to grow a certain quantity of wheat, and we ought to grow doubt the number of quarters that we do; but there is ample room for the extended cultivation of market-garden stuff and for the production of eggs and pouttry. If we are to be largely dependent upon foreigners for our wheat supply, we might at least make soms serious effort to redress the balance by making our own cheese and butter and raising our own poultry.

[Prom the Bultimore American.]
The duck shooting is done in the main, from sink boxes and bushwhack boats. A few ducks are killed from behind floating blinds, but the number in comparrison with those slain from the boats is two breach-loading gups and a supply of cartridges. It is shaped almost exactly like a coffin. It sets It is shaped almost exactly like a coffin. It sets nearly even with the water. From the sides are extended wide winvs, made of muslin, fastened to boards like slats, which have two or three sets of hinges at intervals. There are generally three sets of these wings at the bow, and two each on the port and starboard sides, and one cach on the stern. They extend out on the sides two or three feet, and further at the bow. They lie on the water and rise and fall with the waves. They are used to keep the water from washing

over the gunner. As a further protection to him whatever water dashes over the muslin-covered boards is caught by a four-inoh strip of lead salled to the narrow deck all around the coffin and furned up at the outer edge. This throws the water back. The wings are folded up when the coffin is out of the water. These sink boats are anchored and fourteen iron decoy ducks, weighing ten pounds, made at the foundry at Perryville at a cost of 55 cenus, are placed all sround the coffin, and wooden dec tys are next and further out, in all shout four hundred. More are placed at the sides and stern than at the bow. The coffin, of course, lies with her bow to the tide or wind, and the guaner inside, face upward, and nearly level with the water. When the ducks come, they si-ways "round to "or "luff up" in the wind, and prepare to settle among the decoys on the sides or at the stern. The experienced gunner knows when to rise and let them have it.

KEEPING A DEATH RECORD.

A Queer Custom Kept Up by Twelve Jelly Old Sports.

"What is there peculiar about that dollar?" was asked of a barkeeper in a popular uptown resort, by a customer who pointed at one of Uncle Sam's paper promises to pay, handsomely framed, and hanging behind the

bar. "That's the first money taken in over this bar," was the reply.
"Queer conceit, that," muttered the curi-

bar." was the reply.

"Queer conceit, that," muttered the curious one.

"Not very." put in a companion, "I know a dollar bill in this city that serves as a mortuary record for a coterie of gay old chaps. There were a round dozen of them as many years ago. They were old roundera, and many a champagne cork has popped and many a brandy flagon emptied by them. They were a gay lot of rich old sports. It was a New Year's night, and, after making the round of their usual resorts, they wound up in Bohemian Pfaff's place in West Twenty-fourth street. Here one of their number jokingly divided a dollar bill into twelve pieces and, dividing eleven of them among his comrades, suggested that on every New Year's Day they meet at the same place and put the pieces together, the absence of a piece to indicate the death of its holder. This was agreed to, and faithfully at the appointed hour on the first day of the year the jolly old cronies used to meet and crack jokes and bottles as they put that old dollar bill together.

"The first piece was missed about five

okes and bottles as they put that old dollar bill together.

"The first piece was missed about five years ago. One of the old boys had gone to the grave, and the last time I saw them as they patched up the mutilated bill there was another shred gone. This was shortly before Pfaff went out of business. I don't know how many of them now survive."

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by the Steward of the Aster House. At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

Sour. Fish. Baked Halibut ROAST. Ham. Celery. Potato. Spanish. DESSERY.
Rice Pudding.
Lemon Pie. Cheese.
Coffee.

Dainties of the Market. Dainties of the Market.

per rib roset, 18 to 20.

terhouse steak, 25c.

oin steak, 18 to 20c.

mutton, 18 to 20c.

nothers, 25c.

b chops, 25c. to 28c.

veal, 20c.

pilsh mutton chop, 25c.

ab hindqrters, 14 to 18c.

l cutlets, 25c.

cetbreads, 86 per doges.

rea' heads, 75c. to 81.

string pig. 85.50 each

ing ohlekan, 81 to 81.25

bir.

Little-neck elams, 60. to 15c.

Little-neck elams, 60. to 15c. Prime rib reast, 18 to 20c.
Porterbouse steak, 25c.
Sirloin steak, 18 to 20c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c.
Leg veal, 20c. Sheepabaad, 20c. Species of the pring uhcken, 21 to 22c. b. Dair. Roast chicken, 14 to 22c. b. Dry-pieked turkeys, 20c. to 22c. Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. dos. Boston Geese, 18 to 20c. Drdinary ducks, 12c. to 15c. Canvasbacks, \$3.50 pair. Grouse, \$1.50 pair. Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 pair. Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 pair. Red birds, \$1 dosp. and the principle of the pri Quall, \$3.50 dos. English suipe, \$3 dos. Flower, \$3 dos. Rail, \$1.50 dos. Rabits, 25c. spiece, Venison, 20c. to 25c. Woodcook, \$1 pair. Fresh mackerel, 15c. Sea bass, 15c. to 20c. Cod. 8c. Lobsters, \$6. to 10c.

80. to 10c. It Was All Over. [From the Chicago Pribune.]
"Why, Miss Howjames," said the Chicago girl, and Mr. Grimsbaw?"

"What I have told you," replied the Boston young lady haughtly, "is the the undraped actuality."

MESSERS. RIKER & SON.

481 W. 520 St., Feb. 18, 1867.

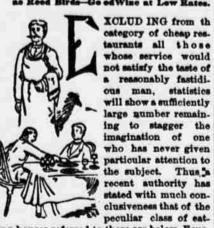
MESSERS. RIKER & SON.

DEAR SIRE: I have had a very heavy cold and have been doing everything to cure it, but in vain, until I heard of RIKER'S KIPECTORARY, which I got, and it relieved me at once, and in the end cured me: I recommend it to all suffering as I was, and thought it my duty to write to you about it. I remain,

AN ITALIAN'S WAY OF DINING

PLAIN DISHES AND WHOLESOME FOOD IN A CHEAP RESTAURANT.

even Different Styles of Macaroni at 10 Cents a Dish-Five Kinds of Soup and a Bewildering Variety of Monte for the Diner to Choose from Sparrows Served



XCLUD ING from th category of cheap restaurants all those whose service would not satisfy the taste of a reasonably fastidious man, statistics will show a sufficiently large number remaining to stagger the imagination of one

ing-houses referred to there are below Fourteenth street forty-two French restaurants, forty-one German places and sixty-five of a nondescript character. Between Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth streets there are thirty-eight French restaurants, eighty-seven Ger-man and thirteen American, and that above this limit it is difficult to find a single good

this limit it is difficult to find a single good chesp restaurant.

In an out-of-the-way corner east of the Bowery, there is a little Italian restaurant which is unique in its way, although its exterior unpretensiousness and the fact that it is patronized almost exclusively by a colony of better-class Italians on the east side, has prevented it from becoming known even to the Bohemian world, which usually knows where all queer places of this kind are to be found.

It is kept by an old Italian woman who

of better-class Italians on the east side, has prevented it from becoming known even to the Bohemian world, which usually knows where all queer places of this kind are to be found.

It is kept by an old Italian woman who used to be a friend of Garibaldi's when he lived in this country. Her husband in those days was one of the great patriot's followers. As a memento of those times she has a large, smoked-begrimed lithographic portrait of Garibaldi hanging on the wall in the front dining-room, which bears below the picture the autograph of the famous General with a dedication to his friend, the restaurant are very plainly furnished—too democratically, some who are accustomed to the finer and more slegant service of an uptown table d'hôte, might think, but everything is scruppllously nest. The mapkins, cloth and dishes never show a speck of dirt. Those who can put up with sanded floors, hard-bottom chairs, coarse linen and steel knives and forks, can get along very comfortably and with no loss of dignity or self-respect.

The unique thing about this restaurant, however, is its table. Contrary to the usual rule in restaurants it does not furnish a table d'hôte. Everything is served à la carte from the beginning to the end of the bill, and for no single dish is more than 15 cents charged, while the majority of the dishes, including all the national dainties, which it is said are here alone to be had, are put down at 10 cents apiece. It should be observed that the entire bill of fare is printed in Italian, and without a slight knowledge of this language the average stranger who wandered Into the place would be entirely at sea.

Starting at the beginning, the bill enumerates five different kinds of soups, Italian paste, tagliarini, capelletti, macaroni and minestrone, of any of which a large and generous bowl will be cooked to order for the sum of 10 cents. Under ordinary circumstance, after eating this first instalment the patron finds that the sharpness of the edge has gone off his suppetite, but he can usually find

very differently from the flasks filled with flavored California stuff that is commonly sold for chianti in the best restaurants. Vermouth, cognac and cordials of various kinds are served in glasses that re-semble schooners at the rate of 10 cents a glass.

NOT THE CUSTOMERS.

It is the Bartenders Who Smash Most of the Glasses in Salbons.



M HOEVER has so far overcome his scruples as to enter a barroom for the purpose of getting a drink of lemonade must have noticed the great display of made, and if his thirst for Apollonaris and fragile glassware there the juice of the lemon

has made such visits frequent, he has doubtless seen some of these beautiful examples of

less seen some of these beautiful examples of the glassworker's art broken into a thousand (or less) pieces.

This item of breakage is by no means an inconsiderable one and it is not occasioned by the careless overturning of the fancifully constructed pyramids of champagne and whiskey glasses some bartenders delight in building on their back bars, but it occurs in the daily use of the vessels which convey to men's mouths that which "steals away their brain."

In one saloon in the lower part of the city,

men's mouths that which "steals away their brain."

In one saloon in the lower part of the city, whose proprietor boasts that its doors have never been closed for a single hour since they were first opened to the public, the breakage of glassware aggregates \$2 per day. At another popular resort not far from Newspaper Row, where the expert Ganymedes of the bar juggle with the glasses in a manner to make one's head swim, the breakage per diem amounts to even more than this sum.

In these places the common glasses, which are most frequently broken, cost from a shilling to 15 cents apiece, so that it will be seen that about fifteen of the combinations of sodium, silicon and skill go to the junkman.

"More glasses are broken by bartenders than by customers, twelve to one," declared a veteran saloon man.

HE HAD HIS EYES OPEN.

A Push-Cart Man Proves to be a Match for the Spetter.

An itinerant street merchant, whose stock in trade consisted of a push-cart, a box full of maple sugar and a pair of scales, opened business in Pine street yesterday. He put out a sign, "Fresh Vermont Maple Sugar," and leaned against a telegraph pole to wait and leaned against a telegraph pole to wait
for trade. A young man bought a two-cent
lump of sugar and bit into it.

"See here," said he, "this is a barefaced
swindle. This is common brown sugar, flavored with something."

"Impossible," said the dealer. "It is the
best in market. I buy him myself."

"Then you were cheated. Don't you know
maple sugar when you see it? And don't
you know enough not to advertise fresh
maple sugar before election day?"

"Maybe not, I do the best I can, And
besides, this is true. This is the fresh maple
sugar."

sugar."
Oh, is it? Don't you know that fresh
maple sugar is not made until March?"
"Ah, sir, believe me, this is a very early

"You ought to get rich, you ought, You've got the cheek of a mule. That's right, stick to it that its fresh maple sugar and may be some one will believe you. You've got nerve enough." With that the young man

nerve enough." With that the young man walked on.

The street merchant leaned once more against the telegraph pole. A smile worked its way down his brown face.

"I know him," said he. "He's a spotter from the boss. I do business on shares, and I'm a new man. I have my eyes open, and you can bet on that."

AT THE STAR THEATRE LAST NIGHT. Several young girls wore short sealskin

A plump occupant of a back seat wore a black satin Breton mantle, trimmed with velvet. The back was elaborately arranged

A girl in the centre of the dress circle wore a peacock-blue velvet hat with an extremely prominent poke, trimmed with three rows of silver braid and very much befeathered.

A handsome mantle was that in which a lady sitting near the centre aisle was envel oped. It was of limousine cloth, trimmed with fur and passementeric buttons. It was lined with the darkest claret-colored velvet possible to imagine.

A young girl who sat in the fourth row the orchestra seats wore an enormous silk beaver hat of a chestnut brown hue, trimmed with moire ribbon and "garnished" with steel pins. It was very nice, but it shut off the stage to those behind her.

A lady who stepped nimbly from a brougham and told "James" in loud tones to return at midnight wore a pale-clolored plush dolman, fitting exquisitely and made with a train. Beneath this was a light blue silk evening dress. She was accompanied by a solitary mamma.

wearing it, it would and greatly to our comfort and convenience. There never was a garment better adapted for out-of-door use, and particularly for plainamen or those who are much in the anddle. It is a blanket of ordinary size, with a split in the centre through which the head goes; and the fold-hang down as far as the knees, giving free use to the arms, but always furnishing them and the rest of the body shelter. In summer it shields the wearer from the heat of the sun, in winter it is as warm as an ula er and in rainy days takes the place of an univerla. The native is never without it, summer or winter, afoot or horseback, at home or abroad. It stays by him like his shadow and gives him an overcoat by day and a blenket by night. I conchos were formerly made of the hair of the vicuna, a sort of a cross between the liama and the antelope, found in the Bolivia Andes. Refore the conquest vicuna was the royal ermine of the Incas, and none but persons of princely blood were allowed to wear it. A vicuna poncho is as soft as velvet and as durable as steel. You can find plenty of them in Argentine and Chill that have been in the old families for two centuries or more, and have been handed down with the family jeweis as helrooms. They never wear out, and, like lace, improve with age. But genuine vicuna ponchos are her to to get and very expensive, costing often as much as a camel's-hair shawl. The color is a delicate fawn and will not change when wet, which is a sure test of its genuineness. (From the Omaka World.) First Lady Juror-There seems to be no doub that the prisoner murdered his wife. Second Lady Juror-Yes, isn't he handso

A Suggestion for Swells.

if some fashionable swell would set the style by wearing it, it would add greatly to our comfort

and convenience. There never was a garmer

[From the St. James's Budget]
The Argentine poncho is a great insits

Third Lady Juror—The poor fellow hasn't had a single bouquet sent to him to-day. Fourth Lady Juror—But you know the ladies weren't sure he was guilty. Fifth Lady Juror—Of course net; they didn't hear half the evidence. Sixth Lady Juror—If we bring him in guilty what will they do?

Beventh Lady Juror—Hang him. Chorus—Horrors. Third Lady Juror-The poor fellow hean't had i

Chorus-Horrors. Eighth Lady Juror-Why not say the second

degree?
Ninth Lady Juror—Then they'd imprison the poor man for life.
Chorus—Horrors.
Tenth Lady Juror—It won't do to bring him in mily at all. rullty at all.

Eleventh Lady Juror—I'm afraid not.

Tweifth Lady Juror—Of course not.

If he locked up we can't any of us marry him.

15,000 Wild Ducks that in a Day.

[From the Baltimore American.]
The best record ever made in the Susquehans fields was about eight years ago, when on the opening day, William Dobson, of Havre de Grace, an expert gunner, killed from a box 560 and burst an expert gunner, killed from a box 560 and burst a fine gun before he stooped. He kept two men busy all day picking up dead ducks. His second gun got at times too hot to hold. Ten or fifteen years ago 18,000 were killed in a day's shooting. In an average season there are here about fifty boxes and 150 bushwackers. The capital invested in the business is from \$75,000 to \$100,000. This includes boats, decoys, boxes, gun-, etc. From 36,000 to 35,000 ducks have been killed in a season in latter years. They are sold everywhere. The best prices are given in New York, Washington, Boston, Baitimore and Philadelphia. No wild fowl can equal in flavor a Spaquehanna canvasback duck.

(From the New York Tribune.)
The number of men who believe themselves of pable of becoming Vidocas legion. Inspectos Byrnes is constantly besieged with letters and personal applications from young men who have read elective books and stories until they have conceived grand careers as detectives for themselves. They invariably tell how they would shadow a great oriminal and bring him to justice for the commission of crime.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. J. G.—Lord Welseley was born near Dublin, June 4, 1833.

E. C. S.—'"If an alien dies leaving property all with his earnings, does his wife inherit it or does it go the State?" There are forty-sight different laws on tale subject.

laws on tals subject.

W. P.—"To decide a bet, please inform me what is the salary of the Viceroy of India." The salary is 20,833 repees per month

A. W. A.—The World would be giad to furnish the information you desire, if it were not for the fact that you are ashamed to give your address.

M. O.—"What support of the fact the vice in the left.

M. O.—" What number drew the prize in the lot tery of the Little Sisters of the Poor at the Septem ber drawing?" It is a misedemeanor to answer your question. It is a felony to hold a lottery. your question. It is a felony to noid a lottery.

A. M.—To buy lottery tickets is not unlawful; to sell them is unlawful. To fornish any information whatever, either orally or in writing or by signs concerning lottery tickets, where they may be bought or what prises have been drawn, is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

F. J. C.—"If a man be a citizen and his wife an allen, can she succeed to his farm if he wills it to her?" A citizen can have an allen wife only when he marries a Mongolian, Malay, Tastar, Moor, Equimau, Kanaka, Polynesian, Indian or other person not eligible to naturalisation. In such case it will depend upon the local law. There are forty-eight of these laws within the United States,

Righteous Indignation.

(Prom Harper's Baser.)
Counsel (to witness)—Is it possible, Uncle Rastus, that you would swear to what you know is not true for a single paitry dollar?
Uncle Rastus (indignantly)—No, sahi de gemmen guv me two dollars.

She Was High-Toned.

(Prom the Pittsburg Chronists.)
"Your friend, Mrs. McSwilligen, is quite loquacious, I think," remarked a caller to Mrs. Snaggs,
"Indeed she isn't," replied Mrs. Snaggs, anxious to defend the absent, "there is nothing low
about her."

"What, sir?" thundered Harry, starting up again.

"That's the only word that expresses it, sir, and you'll acknowledge yourself to be something worse than that presently. Come, keep cool, sir—we'll not have any sparring just now. I thought you a madman this afternoon when you burst into my house, and I'm not sure of your sanity now. But your wife is an uncommonly sharp-witted woman; and between us, she and myself have got at the bottom of your malsdy. I was one of your wife's admirer's, Mr. Hilliard, when she was Celle Hathaway—one of her lovers, I may say, and it cut pretty deep when you won her away from me, But I'm a man of honor and the day she became your wife my love for her ended."

"You lie; didn't I see you?" shouted poor Harry, consumed with angry impatience.

"Softly, Mr. Hilliard—the rest is soon

A Possible Missing Link. (Pron the Ohiospo Pinco.)
One of the Crow Indians who, in the language of the political crator, has taken up arms against the the political orator, has taken up arms against the best Government the sun ever shone upon is called "Wraps-Up-His-Tail," A curious name is this, and it would be highly interesting to know from what it is derived. Way, by the way, may not "Wraps-Up-His-Tail" be Darwin's missing link, with strong personal reasons for concealing his identity?

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told. Of course you saw me this afternoon and perhaps every afternoon this week, walking and driving with Miss Carrie Dunbar, my affianced wife. And she, Miss Carrie, in addition to being a blonde and a trifle like your wife, wears a very handsome silk dress, Paris green, I believe, and your wife tells me that she happens to have a dress cut from the very same material. Do you comprehend, Mr. Hilliard!"

The crestfaller husband did comprehend.

she happens to have a dress cut from the very same material. Do you comprehend, Mr. Hilliard!"

The crestfallen husband did comprehend, and buried his face in his hands, with a groan of despair.

"Let me explain a little further," continued the good-hearted doctor. "Your wife was out for several afternoons. Do you wish to know how she was employed? I can tell you, sir. She was giving music lessons at the Grove Road Academy, in order to raise a little fund of her own to help you out of your difficulties, because, as she told me with tears in her eyes, you had cramped yourself to buy her that lovely green dress, and she means to get her money first, and give you a pleasant surprise. And now, sir, my say is ended, and I bid you good evening."

Whereupon the doctor bowed himself out, leaving the mistaken man to his own miserable reflections. For an hour, perhaps, he sat immovable, his face buried in his hands, and the rush and roar of the summer storm in his ears; only one thought in his tortured mind—"She'll never come back to me!"

At last he arose, looking like an aged man, made so by the few hours of agony through which he had passed. He would go to her and beg her forgiveness on his knees, and if she refused him, as he knew she would, from henceforth he would be an an outcast and a wanderer.

He reached the door just as a timid, tremu-

wanderer.

He reached the door just as a timid, tremulous hand touched the bell. There she stoodall drenched and dishevelled by the storm, the babe in her arms and a look of sorrowful

MITTIN

fully ill, the doctor drew him into his sanctum.

"Why, Hilliard," he cried, "in Heaven's name, what's the matter?"

"Enough's the matter, you villain," thundered Hilliard, "and you know it. Don't think to deceive me with your innocent face. I've caught you at your base work! How dare you tamper with my wife? I'll have your life for it."

Whereupon he seized the doctor by the throat and began to shake and pumme! him in a most vigorous manner. But the doctor being a strong man, was not much taken aback; he very soon succeeded in freeing him-

fore I forgot that you are the mother of my child."

But she clung to him with all her might.

"Oh, my love! What is it?—what do you mean?" she crien. "Why do you speak these terrible words, Harry?"

"Can you ask me?" he replied, freezing into a sudden and scornful calmness more terrible than his wild frenzy. "Deceitful, heartless woman, dare you pretend that you do not know? Where have you been this afternoon? Where have you been every afternoon this week? Meeting your old lover—driving about the country with him, like a bold, base woman, and leaving your little babe uncared for! Don't attempt to deny it! Spare yourself the crime of deeper falsehood, for I would not believe you on your oath! And now, go! I dismiss you at once and forever!"

She hesitated, making one more effort to

She turned from him with one blazing glance.

"You'll repent this, sir! You'll repent it when 'tis too late!" she said. And, with the step of an outraged queen, she left him.

Ten minutes later, and, with her babe in her arms, she was on her way to her father's house.

Left to himself, the miserable man entered his desolate house, and sat down alone. His frenzied passion had spent itself, and his heart ached with a sharp and bitter pain. All about him were numberices trifies that spoke of her presence—her wrapper on the bed, her dainty alippers beneath her chair, a bit of unfinished embroidery, a knot of ribbon that adorned her hair; the very odorous atmosphere of the room was suggestive

was out, she said, in answer to his inquiries; she went out every afternoon of late. His worst fears were confirmed. He turned back towards his office, like an insane man, his eyes bloodshot, his face livid; then, changing his mind again, he hurried off towards Trenton street, determined to await their return.

The sweet summer afternoon went slowly by, and the stars came out like jewels in the purple sky, and still the miserable husband watched and waited. By and by, in the dim twilight, the doctor returned on foot, and alone; and ascended his steps, a dreamy light in his handsome eyes. The jealous husband went at him like a madman; and seeing his terrible plight, and supposing him to be fearfully ill, the doctor drew him into his sanctum. THERE SHE STOOD, THE BABE IN HER ARMS.

to crush it.
"Worse than ill!" he answered hoarsely—
"Worse than ill!" he answered by you!—the "disgraced; dishonored, and by you!—the woman I loved and trusted so! Great heaven! I believe I'm mad! Get out of my sight before I forgot that you are the mother of my child."

once and forever!"

She hesitated, making one more effort to clasp his neck; but he hurled her from him with cruel force.

Belle was a spirited little woman when her

self, and, firmly believing Hilliard to be in-sane, he forced him down the front steps and locked the door in his face.

For ten minutes, perhaps, the jealous hus-band waited, crouching in the shadow of some trees; but as the doctor showed no dis position to come out, he turned his wrathful face homeward. His wife was awaiting him at the cottege, gate, weave, and anyious at

temper was up; and it was fairly up now. She turned from him with one blazing

WHY cough when ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BAL-

of her sweet, sunny face. And she was gone!

"And for ever!" he groaned, burying his face in his hands; "she'll never, never come back to me. Have I been a fool, I wonder? No, no; my own eyes could not deceive me. and I loved her so!" and in the agony of his great misery, he sobbed like a child.

The summer evening closed with storm and rain; and a wailing, lonesome wind shook his darkened windows. He started up, mad and blind wirh pain. He must go out somewhere into the busy world, and leave his trouble behind him. He struck a light, and began to make some preparations for his studden flight. But a sharp ring at the door brought him to a standstill. He answered it, and met the man who had ruined and dis graced him, face to face.

"Good evening, Mr. Hilliard," said the young doctor, coolly stepping in, and closing the door. "I've come to have a little talk with you, and I want you to be quiet, and to listen to what I have to say. Let's sit down, and act like reasonable men."

Belle's husband dropped into a chair, his hands clinched his eyes like fire.

"To begin, Mr. Hilliard," continued the doctor, with aggravating self-possession, "I've just called on your wife".

"You have, you scoundre!" burst out Hilliard, springing at hime like a tiger; "and you come here to tell me?"

But the doctor caught and held him back. "Easy now, my good friend," he went on, quietly; "you'll be ashamed of all this presently; and, remember, I'm stronger than you are, and a better pugilist. Come, now, that's it, sit down again and try to be reasonable. Yes, sir, I've just called upon your wife, at her father's house. I chanced to discover that she had gone there or I should have called on her here. I've had a long talk with her and I've come over especially, Mr. Hilliard, to tell you that you are a fool!"

"What, sir?" thundered Harry, starting up again.

"That's the only word that expresses it, sir, and you'll acknowledge yourself to be

every bow and ruffle by heart. There she came; she had put it on and come to walk home with him. That was nice in Bella! His heart thrilled with pride and pleasure, and he rushed down to the entrance to welcome her. But instead of coming on she passed at the corner, and a gentleman came repidly down the opposite street, and joined her. Harry knew him at a glance, and his heart gave a wild leap, as his wife put her hand on his arm, and walked off by his side. It was young Dr. Danford, one of Belle's old levers. What in the world could it mean? The doctor had been terribly in love with Belle, and her parents favored his suit because he was well off, but Belle had chosen Harry, despite his limited income as head clerk in a nercantile house. But what was she walking off with her old lover in that style for? and wearing her balldress, too! Harry Hilliard's very finger-tips tingled. He had plenty of undeveloped jealousy in his composition. He went back to his desk, but work was out of the question, and after awhile he went home. His wife met him in the passage, looking flushed and excited.

"Have you been out, Belle?" he asked, out his purse and counting down the money with a kind of desperation, adding, mentally, "Belle shall have one decent dress, if it does cramp us a little."

The shopman put it up with alacrity; and taking the parcel under his arm, the young husband hurried homeward. His wife was at the gate awaiting him as usual, daintily dressed in an airy summer cambric, her curls full of rosebuds, and her fine baby boy in her arms. glittering array of femface homeward. His wife was awaiting him at the cottage gate, uneasy and anxious at his unusual delay.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, running forward to meet him: "I'm so glad you've come! What made you so late?" Then, catching sight of his ghastly fuce. "Oh, what is the matter?" she continued in affright, "Harry, Harry, you are ill!"

He caught her arm with a grip that seemed to crush it. inine finery in one of the silk-mercer's winarms.
"Here's something for you, Belle," said
her husband, after the profuse salutations "Here's something for you, Belle," said her husband, after the profuse salutations were ended.

She put the babe in his arms, and snatching the parcel, tugged at the twine like an eager child. Presently it gave way, and out rolled the splendid silk, pouring down in a flashing green torrent to her feet. For a moment the young wife stood amazed; then she cried, in absolute terror, "Oh, Harry, you did not buy this, did you?"

"Yes, I did want you to have one pretty dress, Belle. Do you like it?"

"Like it? "Tis the prettiest thing that I ever set eyes on. Oh. I never had anything so grand before! Oh, how good you are, Harry, and how very happy I am?"

She damed round him, clapping her hands, and kissing him again and again, until the fond, foolish fellow was utterly overcome, and hurried into the house to hide the tears that filled his eyes. Left to herself, the young wife dropped the gleaming silk, and clasped her hands.

"Oh!" she almost moaned, "why did he do it? Poor, foolish Harry! What will I, the mother of a wild boy, do with such a dainty robe? And so expensive, too, and the butcher's bill due, and the rent of the cottage, and ever so many things beside! Oh, dear, good soul, and his feelings mustn't be hurt. I must make believe that I am in rapdows that marked the homeward way, with a little sigh of regret. If the fine, manly fellow had one weakness, it

tion, and after awhile he went home. His wife met him in the passage, looking flushed and excited.

"Have you been out, Belle?" he asked, carelessly, but with his heart in his mouth.

She colored and hesitated, and then making an evasive answer, hurried away.

A keen pang pieroed her husband's heart like a knife. For the first time in their happy married life, he doubted her. The dinner was a pretence, the evening passed wearily, and on the following morning flarry went to his office with a heavy heart. At the same hour in the afternoon he took his station at the window, and after a short interval the pretty figure appeared, wearing its green robe and dainty hat. It was Belle, he would have sworn to it; and almost at the same instant, the doctor appeared, and the two marched off side by side.

The young husband covered his face with his hands. She was false then, the wife he loved better than his own life! He groaned, in agony, then a paroxysm of rage seized him, and smatching up his hat, he rushed

loved better than his own life! He groaned, in agony, then a paroxysm of rage seized him, and snatching up his hat, he rushed down, and started after them. But they were too far ahead to be overtaken. He followed, choking with jealous anger, down to Trenton street, where the doctor lived, and there, drawn up to the pavement, was a handsome turn-out, and seated in it, the doctor himself, and the pretty wearer of the green silk; and before he could collect his wits or utter a word, the high-stepping grays dashed off, and the handsome couple whirled past him, scattering the dust in his eyes.

The poor fellow was in a perfect frenzy. For a moment or two he followed them; then he paused abruptly, and turned his steps homeward. The servant-girl sat in the portion with the babe in her arms. Her mistress